turn me on (with your electric feel) by brawls (brawlite), ToAStranger

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Summary:

Steve's got lipstick smeared on his mouth, on his cheek, on his stomach. He's laughing even though he's pretty sure there's glitter *in his* hair*, head hanging out the window, shouting at the cluster of people cooking in the sunlight on the corner, waiting to cross.*

"Happy twenty-gay-teen, motherfuckers!"

turn me on (with your electric feel)

Author's Note:

title from *electric feel* by mgmt

Steve's got lipstick smeared on his mouth, on his cheek, on his *stomach*. He's laughing even though he's pretty sure there's *glitter* in his *hair*, head hanging out the window, shouting at the cluster of people cooking in the sunlight on the corner, waiting to cross.

“Happy twenty-gay-teen, motherfuckers!”

The light turns green and the Camaro rumbles as Billy jerks into motion, making Steve brace his hands against the dash, popping back inside with a laugh as the kids cheer at their tail lights.

Billy is rolling his eyes; there's a hand painted rainbow on his *cheek*, smeared from the sweat of the day. “You're such an attention whore.”

Steve grins at him, and he can see Billy fighting his own. “You had *fun*.”

Billy's *never* been to a pride parade despite being, like, the *gayest guy* Steve's ever met. Steve knows *why,* behind all the grumbling and fronting Billy likes to do, but he'd been hesitant and tense for a good goddamn portion of the day.

At least until Steve, in a brilliant feat of genius if he does say so himself-- and he, like, *totally* does-- had smacked a big, wet kiss to his lips between someone draping a feather boa around Billy's shoulders and Billy blinking like a big, dumb owl at him.

A big, dumb really hot owl-- tight jeans and tighter shirt, open to the navel; too many rings to count; boots making him look like the fucking rockstar Billy wants so badly to be; hair a mess; glitter on his face and clinging to his lashes.

Steve couldn't *not* kiss him, even if they don't usually-- well, at least, not in public. Bros first, fuck buddies second, affectionate assholes who, like, secretly really *care*-- at least, Steve *thinks so*-- dead fucking

last.

And something had loosened in Billy's shoulders and he'd taken Steve's *hand* and had grinned a mile wide the rest of the day.

Steve is pleased as *punch*.

But that might be the E he popped when Billy passed it to him on his tongue twenty minutes ago.

Billy gives him a *look*. “Steve--"

“Don't *lie*, pumpkin.” Steve bats his eyes, rolling up his window and slumping in the relief of the AC. “Friends don't lie.”

Billy sighs, like he’s *put*-upon. Like Steve hadn’t shown him a great fucking day and isn't gonna show him a *great* fucking night.

“Keep, like, *most* of you inside the car, okay?” Billy finally says, putting his eyes back on the road.

Steve can tell Billy’s still watching him as he drives, though. Little glances out of the corner of his eye when they hit the straightaways.

He's not sure exactly what Billy's *looking* for, but he doesn't mind. Having Billy Hargrove’s attention is *good* in Steve's books.

At least, these days it is. He would've paid good money to get him to back off years ago, but now--

Now, any second of it feels like being in the heat of the sun after being cold too long. Prickling and stinging but *such a relief*.

Even if he's not sure how they got here, half the time.

“I feel *good*,” Steve says, stretching in his seat, grinning like an idiot at Billy. “Don't *you* feel good?”

“I’m *driving*,” Billy says.

He’s got this *thing* about his car. About driving safe, even if he’s *never* safe, always going too fast, too hard.

“I’ll be right on your heels when we get home,” Billy promises. “Wouldn’t want you to have all the fun without me.”

Steve smiles, slow and delighted, eyes on Billy's profile. “Promise?”

“What, you want me to get high as a kite while you’re coming down?” Billy asks, but he looks kind of pleased.

If anything, Billy usually drinks more than anything else. Seeing him high and a little out of control is a *treat*.

Steve cants his hips up, arching as he digs around in his back pocket, fingers catching in tight denim. And he doesn't miss it, okay? The way Billy looks at him, watches him. He *knows* Billy *wants* him-- Steve's *pretty,* but that's about *all* he is-- and he knows Billy only watches because Steve's his friend and he's a *safe bet*.

Basically down to fuck no matter what.

So he grins, all slow and sweet, because he wants Billy's eyes on him and his hands on him and his mouth on him *always*-- but he'll take what he can get.

“That's what *this* is for, baby.” Steve says, baggy dangling between his index and middle finger, little round pills there. “So we can have *fun*, but, you know, *together.”*

“Baby,” Billy says, “I think I wanna marry you.”

He sounds so *goddamn serious*. But then he’s looking back at the road and speeding down a crowded street, passing people too fast and powering their way home.

Because maybe, *maybe* Billy’s excited about getting to let loose a little. He could’ve, at the parade, but Billy had *insisted* on driving, instead of just taking an Uber like a *normal* person.

“I mean, it's legal, but can you imagine the nightmare of *our* wedding?” Steve asks, because, okay, he's actually *thought* about it-- daydreams about it, kinda, sometimes, more than life with Billy, but, like, life *with* Billy. “My mom would micromanage every second of it. And your sister? Good fucking luck getting her to wear formal attire.”

“My sister would be my best man,” Billy says, all fucking serious again. Like maybe he’s thought about it too. “And it would be casual. But like, beach casual. No one wears a *suit* on the *beach*, Harrington. Jee-sus. She'd be fine.”

“You expect me to wear swim trunks? To my own wedding?” Steve scoffs. “White linen. Lets you breathe and still looks good.”

“You wear like, fucking khakis to a beach wedding, dummy, not *trunks*,” Billy says, reaching over to shove at Steve's leg. Once he's done, though, he leaves his hand, warm and heavy on Steve's knee. “But I guess you could wear linen, too.”

Steve shivers. Because any touch is a good touch, right now. But Billy's touch is *better*.

“You, too.” Steve says. “You'd look good in white.”

“Yeah?” Billy asks, and his voice sounds a little low, a little breathless before he closes his mouth and licks his lips. “Thought you had to be pure to wear white?”

“Nah, that's bullshit.” Steve says. “I'd want you in white. Or, like, an off-cream for the suit. White for the shirt.”

Steve reaches out, plucks at Billy's collar, and lets his knuckles drag along skin.

“Unbuttoned, like you like it so much.”

“I *like* it because it looks good like that. If you've got it, flaunt it,” Billy says. His breath catches, just a bit, when Steve touches him. “You like it too,” Billy says. “I know you do.”

“It's a good look,” Steve shrugs. “Do you think I'd let you wear it like that at our wedding if it wasn't?”

Billy's quiet for a beat. Then, he squeezes Steve's knee again. “If I'm in white, am I your blushing bride? Or are you in white, too?”

The streets start to look familiar as Billy speeds down them, more and more familiar now that they're on home turf.

“You kidding?” Steve asks, and his stomach feels tight. “I'd be a knockout in white.”

Billy's smile is big and wide on his face. “Hell yeah, you would be.”

They skid to a stop in their spot outside their apartment, Billy throwing the car into park.

The second they're still, the *second* Billy's got his hand off the gearshift, Steve is on him. Can't *help it*. Wants him so bad-- wants him smiling like that in *white*-- that it hurts.

He lurches over the gear box, catches Billy's smile on his lips.

“Baby,” Billy says against his lips. Like he's put upon. But he's not moving, just grinning and kissing back. “Let's get inside,” Billy says after a little more indulgence, pulling back, pushing Steve away and taking the keys out of the ignition. “Think I gotta get on your level, huh?”

Steve feels the sting of rejection for a half a second before the prospect of getting Billy *high* hits him. Wants him loose and lax and just as hungry for touch as Steve feels.

Still, Steve cants his head and *bites* at Billy's jaw. “What? Too old for fucking around in the car?”

“Not when there's a bed *right there*,” Billy says. “And we've been on our feet all day.”

But his breath hitches as Steve's teeth sink in and he shudders and doesn't *move*. Steve's good at reading him. At least, he *thinks* he is.

So he presses a hand to Billy's chest, splays his fingers out, slides it *down* over hot skin. He kisses along the line of his jaw. Eases his hand down to Billy's crotch.

“Should've got my mouth on you while you were driving,” he says, voice low in his ear, and *squeezes*. “But you've got a point. That bed *is* calling my name.”

And then he's pulling away. Opening his door. Climbing out and

shutting it behind him.

Billy is frozen in the car for a long moment before Steve sees him climb out. Red faced and dark eyed.

Then, Billy's taking him by the wrist and pulling Steve inside. He's *flustered,* Steve thinks. It's fucking *adorable*.

Steve is laughing when the door shuts behind him. Laughing when Billy turns on him and crowds him back. Laughing when he grips his hips and kisses him *hard*.

Cards his fingers through Billy's hair smiling against his mouth, shoulders shaking. “Guess you want to get your dick wet, huh?”

Steve can *feel* Billy's grin in their kiss.

“Sure thing, sweetheart.”

Steve hums, licking at his lips, past his teeth when Billy lets him, and fists a hand into his hair, groaning.

But Billy pulls back. Like the goddamn tease that he is.

“I thought I was gonna get on your level.”

Steve huffs. But, like, he *does* want that, so.

So, he pulls out the little baggy. Fishes a pill out. Stares at Billy and places it on his own tongue.

Billy waits one beat, like a goddamn well trained *dog*, and then he surges forward to *take*. To lick the goddamn thing straight out of Steve's mouth.

Steve pulls back the second Billy's got it in his mouth. Takes his time kissing over Billy's cheek, gets his hands in the material of Billy's shirt and tugs him closer.

“Let it melt in your mouth, baby.” Steve says, teeth at Billy's ear, as if Billy's *never* been on MDMA before. “Ride it out. And let me make you feel *good.”*

And then, Steve drops to his *knees*. Like he'd never wanna be *anywhere else*.

Talking to Billy like he doesn't know something can go one of two ways. It can make Billy bristle and spit, like an overgrown tomcat, disgruntled and uppity -- or it can make him go easy and soft, pliant under Steve's direction. Sometimes it's random. Sometimes it's easy to see which way Billy'll fall.

Now, he just shudders and lets a shaky breath out of his mouth before fisting his hands into Steve's hair like he's an anchor.

They're not in bed, and Billy's *still* standing, but he no longer seems to be complaining.

“Baby,” he says, all sweet like sugar.

Steve moans, hands finding their place on Billy's hips. Digs his thumbs in and leans in to press his mouth to Billy through his jeans, like he's *gotta* get his mouth on him.

And Billy probably *would* rather Steve get his mouth straight on his dick, but he’s *still* not complaining, just breathing heavy and leaning forward, fingers tightening in Steve’s hair.

“You’re such a goddamn *tease*,” he says, but he sounds fucking *pleased* about it in a way that only Billy can. Like the cat who got the cream. Like he’s sneaking something he’s not allowed.

And maybe, to him, he kind of *is*.

Steve opens his mouth. Gets the flat of his tongue on him, through his pants, breath hot and heavy, giving Billy's hips a little tug. Looks up at him through his lashes because he *knows* how to look *pretty*.

And yeah: Billy looks down at him like he’s *gorgeous*. Like he’s struck dumb with it.

Rough fingers push the hair out of Steve’s eyes so that Billy can get a better look at him. In moments like this, with all of Billy’s attention -- and he’s usually a very fifteen-things-at-once kind of guy -- on him, Steve feels *special*. He feels admired. Appreciated.

That's just the kinda guy Billy is. He knows how to make people feel noticed.

Billy moans, a soft little thing as Steve mouths him through his jeans, seemingly content to take it slow, despite how keyed up he's been. Like every little touch is perfect, like he's *savoring* it.

Steve *loves* it. Loves Billy's hands in his hair. Loves Billy *looking at him* like that.

Groans and shoves his hands up under Billy's shirt to get at skin. Presses harder and *sucks*, grazing his teeth over denim.

Eventually, Steve pushes Billy to the end of his rope. One hand tugs Steve back with his hair, the other starts working on the button of his jeans. Impatient.

Steve *moans,* long and low, panting as Billy works his fly open. Curls his fingers into his waistband and tugs, suddenly just as urgent to taste him as Billy is to feel him.

When Billy's cock springs free, it's hard. Dripping at the end with how turned on he is. Steve knows Billy well enough by now to know that he's aching, that he'll be pliant and easy, as long as Steve *touches* him, as long as Steve gets a hand on him. Or his mouth.

"Baby, *please*," and there's a smooth quality to Billy's voice that Steve recognizes as the drugs kicking in.

"I got you," Steve says, wrapping his fingers around the base of him, licking up the length. "Gonna make you feel *so good*."

Then he gets his mouth on him. Wraps his lips around him, tongues at the head, groans at the taste of him, the weight of him. Takes him as deep as he can, sloppy and quick and wet. Sucks him down, gagging for it, gagging *on* him.

Billy goes fucking pornographic. He groans, loud and needy, in the sort of way he only does when he's fucked up. Like he's always keeping himself on some kind of leash, always keeping some part of him under wraps.

“Fuck,” Billy groans out, needy and sweet. “God, been thinking about this all day. About *you*.”

Steve knows-- well, he knows he doesn't mean Billy's been thinking about *him*. Not like that anyway. Maybe about Steve's mouth-- *fucking cock sucking lips, baby*-- and maybe about *fucking* Steve's mouth, but Billy doesn't mean he's been thinking *about Steve*. Not anymore than he usually might.

But. It's good to hear.

Steve hollows his cheeks, bobs his head at a steady pace, lets Billy's cock slide, thick and long and *hot*, along his tongue. Gags and chokes a little, trying to get him *deeper*. Tears burning his eyes when he presses forward, holds his breath, gets Billy *in his throat* and *swallows*.

“Slow,” Billy tells him, tangling his fingers in Steve's hair with one hand. With the other, Billy touches his cheek, his jaw, his *throat*. “Feels *so good*. Don't want it to be over too fast,” Billy explains.

And yeah, yeah, the drugs are probably starting to really hit him, now.

Because he groans, he shudders, he *shakes*.

Steve *did* that. And, yeah, okay, the drugs *help*, but. They wouldn't matter if Steve wasn't making him feel good.

Pulling off with a gasp, Steve strokes over him, the way slicked with spit. He thumbs at the sensitive spot under the head of him and catches the bit of precome there with the flat of his tongue. Grins when Billy hisses.

And then, because Billy *said* and Steve honestly, secretly *likes* doing what Billy *says*-- makes him feel good when he gets it *right*-- Steve takes him back in his mouth and sinks down *slow*. Takes him in with shallow, easy movements. Sucks and presses his tongue *just right*, just how Billy *likes*, working over him, taking him deeper at that same pace. Takes him in at an agonizingly slow glide until his nose is pressed to the soft curls at the base of his cock, swallows once, twice, and then pulls off just as slow but never all the way. Then does it

again.

Then does it *again*.

“Baby,” Billy says, soft, like a prayer. “*Baby*,” like he’s about to break.

But not quite, because Steve *knows* the way he sounds right before he’s gonna come, and he’s not *there* yet. But.

But. It’s like Billy’s having a religious experience, all because of Steve.

Steve's hands slide around, curve over the flex of Billy's ass. His fingers dig in as he sinks down, taking him into his throat again, gagging, eyes fluttering and rolling back. There's saliva, dripping down his chin, filling their apartment with slick sounds.

He stays there, breath gone, until Billy pulls at his hair.

“Wanna get you into bed,” Billy says. And his voice is rough. “Wanna feel you.”

His fingers haven’t stopped carding through Steve’s hair, greedy for the touch.

Steve pulls away panting. He kisses at Billy's thigh, at his hip. Looks up at him and finds Billy's eyes dark and heavy on his face.

Pushing Billy's pants down until they pool at his feet, Steve doesn't look away. Easing up off of his knees, he pulls at Billy's shirt and strips it over his head as Billy raises his arms, as he toes out of his shoes and steps out of his jeans. Tossing Billy's shirt aside, Steve drinks him in.

Tan skin and toned muscle and Steve wants *all of it*.

“Take me to bed, then.” Steve says, shuffling close.

Sometimes, Billy picks him up and carts Steve wherever he wants him. But this time, Billy just takes Steve by his hand, unashamed by his own nakedness, and tugs him toward his room. Billy always seems to love having Steve in his space, spread out on his sheets.

He'll go into Steve's room, sure, but if given the choice he'll always choose his own.

Steve follows because Steve *always* follows. Doesn't know where he's going otherwise. Would probably get lost if it weren't for Billy's hand guiding him.

Billy's like a star in a dark sky. Burning bright, *brighter*, than anything else Steve can fathom. True north.

It's impossible to look away from him. Not that Steve *wants* to, but.

But sometimes, it'd be nice if --

He doesn't get to finish the thought, because once they hit Billy's room, Billy kisses him. His brain short-circuits, goes a little haywire, the second that Billy licks into his mouth. The second Billy slides those warm hands of his under Steve's shirt to help him out of it. To get at more skin.

Steve raises his arms, pulls from the heat of Billy's mouth just long enough to get his shirt over his head. Billy throws it, gets his hands on him, *touches*, and Steve is *lost*. A damn *goner*.

He groans and presses closer, lets Billy pull him tighter. Whines into his mouth and touches *back*, knowing any second he could get burned, and *not caring a bit.*

Billy pushes and pushes, until he's got Steve down on his bed, on his back and looking up at the ceiling. And then, only a moment later, looking up at Billy.

Billy, who's looking down at him like he's a work of art, like he's a meal and so ready to eat.

"You're so fucking hot," Billy says, fingers splaying over Steve's ribs. Touching, touching. "*How* are you so fucking hot?"

Steve shudders, *trembles*, under the heat of his fingers tracing over his skin, of the eyes that follow. He reaches up, tangling his fingers into Billy's hair, pulling him down to steal a kiss, a breath, a moan. Kisses him soft and sweet and reverent because when Steve's *lost* it's Billy

that *finds him*.

Kisses him because Billy keeps *looking at him like that* and he doesn't know what else to *do*.

Doesn't know how he got so *lucky* to stand near Billy's light. Not when his whole life is a lurching, terrifying *unknown*, birthright six feet under, the footsteps he was supposed to follow gone to dust. Doesn't know how to move forward.

But Billy? *Billy* comes from a blur of uncertainty. Of unknown and scared and angry-- the way Steve feels *so much* sometimes-- and he's still pressing forward like he *knows*. Like he knows just where to step without a path to follow and Steve is helpless in his wake.

So Steve kisses him like he means *something* because he *does*.

Then, he pulls back and smiles. “Well, it's, like, 97 degrees out.”

“Shut up,” Billy says, kissing Steve to prove his point. Then, he breaks away, just so he can pull his tongue down Steve’s jaw, then his neck. “You know what I mean, baby. You’re fucking gorgeous.”

Steve hums, head lulling back, hands smoothing over Billy's sides so his fingers can climb the ladder of his ribs. The first chords of *I feel pretty* start playing through his head.

“Gotta be pretty to get by,” Steve says. “What else have I got but this nice face?”

“Lots,” Billy says.

But he doesn’t elaborate. He just hums and kisses Steve’s neck.

And then he rolls onto his side, so that his back is flat on his bed. “Want you on top of me. Wanna be able to look at you. Wanna get my hands all over you.”

Steve tries not to bristle. Billy knows better than to try and complement anything other than Steve's face, knows it makes him clam up, *get weird,* but he didn't *really*, so Steve pushes beyond the hint of discomfort and twists, turns, straddles Billy on the bed.

“Better?” Steve asks, dipping down, kissing his cheek.

Billy’s hands immediately cover his ribs. Huge. Hot as sin.

“Better,” he says. He doesn’t press, doesn’t continue to tell Steve what *else* about him is great -- just leaves it at *lots*. Which is -- fine.

Mostly fine, because Billy touches him, gets his thumbs over his nipples and *flicks*.

Steve's eyes flutter shut, a breath, a sound catching in his throat. His thighs squeeze at Billy's waist, hands steadying on his chest as he sits up proper in Billy's lap-- denim dragging and pressing against sensitive skin when he rocks *down*.

“Should’ve gotten you out of these jeans,” Billy says, reaching down to palm him there, too.

But he kinda looks delighted about it. Like it’s another chance to tease Steve. Not that Billy’s all that patient, when he’s high. Or when he’s drunk.

He’s already thumbing open the button on Steve’s pants.

Steve stutters out a breath, head dropping back as he rocks, slow and sweet, in his lap. Groaning like he's riding him, putting on a show of it, earning the rough palm of Billy's hand pressing to him through his pants.

Steve laughs. “Should've gotten me out of these jeans.”

“So hot,” Billy says, a little breathy, like he's in awe.

His eyes are wide, taking in all of Steve at once, like he's some kind of miracle, like he's doing anything other than grinding on Billy's dick.

“Off,” Billy says, fast, like he's suddenly decided and now can't move fast enough. “Get ‘em off. Baby, please.”

Like Steve would tell him *no*.

He slides to his feet, shoves his pants down and wiggles out of them. Bounces Billy on the mattress when he plops back down, shuffles up on his knees until he's straddling him again.

He curves down, kisses him again, gripping Billy's jaw in one hand and bracing against the sheets with the other. “Better?”

Billy *groans*. Like he's savoring it. The moment and all the touch. And hell, he might be. He doesn't let loose like this too often. And he's had a stressful day. It's only natural for him to want to unwind and treat himself.

“Better,” Billy says, hands slowly roaming up Steve's thighs as he steals quick kisses.

Steve kisses him long and slow for a second. Flexes his thighs. Rocks. Catches Billy's groan in his mouth. Swallows it.

Billy bucks, squirming underneath Steve, never one to keep still when he's like this. Always needing to be overwhelmed.

It doesn't take him long to wedge a hand between them, to wrap a strong hand around both of their cocks, giving them a few slow strokes. A shock of heat runs up Steve's spine.

He breaks away with a gasp, rutting into Billy's palm, along the heat of Billy's cock. His moan quivers out of his mouth.

“Lube,” Steve rasps. “I'm gonna *ride you*.”

It takes Billy a moment to move, clearly not in nearly as much of a hurry now that he's got skin on skin contact. Not nearly as rushed as Steve. But he gets the lube anyway, and grins. Big and wide.

“Do I get to open you up? You gonna ride my fingers, too?”

Steve *groans,* nodding, like he wants nothing more. “Yes. *Please*.”

Slick fingers slide under Steve after Billy coaxes him a little closer, further up on Billy's chest. Practiced and so familiar with Steve's body, Billy presses one finger in, slowly, perfectly.

Steve arches, feels the press of him, knowing and sure. Feels it, electric, up his spine.

Steve rocks, rides his hand like he promised. Gasps and rolls his hips, slow and sinuous.

If there's one thing Steve knows about Billy (and he knows many things, at this point, honestly), it's that Billy loves a show. And Steve can put a good one on, always happy to have Billy's undivided attention.

Billy's fingers are thick, but in a good way, a satisfying way. It's not too long before Billy's slicking up his fingers again and adding two, which feels *even better* than one. Sliding and stretching and slick, pressing in easy even as Steve tightens and rides down.

Billy's always liked that. Always said Steve is *virgin tight and just as responsive*. Groans every time he gets inside of him, like it's the first time. Like it's the best damn thing he's ever felt.

Steve doesn't think Billy knows that he *was* Steve's first time, back when they first started. For a lot of things.

Bracing his hands on Billy's chest, Steve rides down onto the insistent curl of Billy's fingers. Moans, breathless and keening, breath coming short as Billy strokes up his thigh, squeezes at the muscle, and presses deeper.

He always knows just how to touch Steve.

Always plays him like a goddamn master.

"So good for me," Billy says, fingers curled *just right*.

Pressing and pressing as Steve's hips shudder and shake. Billy even holds him a little still, just so he can press harder, so he can watch the way he milks a little bit of spunk out of Steve, just for playing with him like this.

"*Look* at you," Billy says, like he's in awe.

And honestly, Billy should be looking at *himself*. Panting, perfect

body glistening with sweat. Muscles coiled tight underneath his skin. Dark, hungry eyes focused solely on Steve. He's perfection. And right now, in this very moment, he's *all Steve's*.

Fingers flexing over Billy's chest, Steve *whines*. Because he wants him, all of him, *right now*.

"C'mon," he breathes, trembling and gasping out as Billy *presses* again. "C'mon, I want you."

And Billy's never been good at saying *no* to Steve, not when Steve asks him just right. Because he knows what Billy wants, knows exactly what he wants to hear. Knows Billy likes to think he's *giving in* a little bit to Steve, even though they both know the game they're playing.

"Okay, baby," Billy says, sliding his fingers free from Steve.

He slicks up his cock while Steve watches, while he *whines*.

Eventually, though, Billy urges Steve forward, one lube-slick hand on his flank, the other steadying his cock. "C'mon," Billy says. "Get over here."

And Steve *wants this*. Wants *Billy*.

So he moves. Settles himself better over Billy's hips and lets Billy guide him down, down onto him. Feels the stretch, the perfect burn of it, and tosses his head back as Billy bottoms out into him. Grinds down, panting as the *full* feeling leaves him blissed and dazed.

Underneath him, Billy groans. He squirms a little, hips jerking like he's trying not to buck up into Steve's heat even as Steve grinds down. His big hands settle on Steve's hips, thumbs over bone. He uses that to urge Steve down, and then up a little, encouraging him into *moving*.

When Steve meets Billy's eyes, Billy's looking back at him with something like reverence on his face. Like this is a goddamn religious experience. Like he's trying to make this moment last forever, trying to imprint it on the backs of his eyes.

So, Steve moves.

It isn't their normal pace. Usually, when Steve gets Billy like this, he's eager, five seconds from bursting, begging for it.

But there are drugs in his veins and a high in his head that just won't quit and Billy's still got a rainbow smeared on his cheek.

So when Steve moves, it's an idle pace. A slow but steady rising and falling, balanced on his knees with a hand to steady on Billy's abdomen. Easy, like he's not in a rush to get off, because he's not.

Because Billy said he wanted to *feel* him. And Steve wants to feel Billy, too.

Billy reaches up and thumbs over Steve's cheek. He comes back with lipstick smeared over his thumb.

“So many people kissed you today,” Billy says. Then, he leans up and kisses Steve, too.

Steve's entire core shakes. He opens his mouth, lets Billy in, moans against his lips at the change in angle. At the way Billy slides deeper when he guides Steve down onto him, hand at his thigh and his lower back, fingers spread wide, touch warm.

Pleasure burns in his gut, winds tight. It's like a steady *hum,* right behind his teeth, and Billy's tongue in his mouth is like a *gift.*

Breaking away gasping, Steve curls his hand at Billy's nape and keeps him close. Breathes heavy against his mouth as he draws up and then sinks back down.

He wants to say: *yours is the only kiss that matters.*

Underneath, Billy rolls his hips. Slow and torturous. It’s just what Steve needs.

“You’re too kissable,” Billy tells him, sucking on Steve’s lower lip. “Everyone wanted a piece of you.”

“It's my pretty face,” Steve says, breathless, sighing out his pleasure

as they move together.

Billy's breath hitches and it's *beautiful*.

"'Course it is. It's *real* pretty."

Billy's hands come up, cupping Steve's face as he kisses him even deeper, like he's starving for it. Steve feeds him a sigh. Then a moan. His hands fall to Billy's chest and he rides up, *up* and then slides back down.

Does it again, just as terribly slow, and goes *tight* just so he can really *feel him*.

Billy's breath catches again. He *shakes*, like he's overwhelmed with it. Like it's all *too much*.

But he keeps kissing Steve all the same, keeps driving into him.

"So pretty," Billy tells him. "And," he kisses him, "and all mine."

Steve falters, stutters, and his grip goes tight. He wants to say *yours* but he *can't*, so he kisses Billy hard instead, pace picking up a notch, body straining, all pressure and pleasure and heat.

Billy kissing back, matching Steve's vehemence, his lust. He kisses like he's claiming Steve, like he really cares.

And Steve *knows* it's the drugs, knows it's the day and how Billy's feeling -- but it still feels amazing. Still feels like he's being given something special.

Steve *keens*. Bucks and stutters, gasps against Billy's mouth and tears away so that Billy's lips and teeth and tongue can find his throat. His hips move faster, a desperate hitch to his movements, and he clutches at Billy's shoulders as rides the wave of ecstasy higher and higher.

"Billy," he gasps, eyes fluttering, then rolling back. "*Billy*, god, I'm so--"

Billy drops a hand between them, gets those perfect fingers of his over Steve's dick. Just right. Because he knows *just* how to touch

Steve.

“You gonna come for me?” Billy asks, eyes dropping to watch the way his hand works over Steve cock, then, he looks back up to Steve’s face. Stuck on him. “You feel so good, baby. So fucking good.”

Steve gasps, sucks in breath after breath because it's all he can do. Because he feels like he's drowning. Kisses Billy because he needs him to breathe. Cries out against his mouth and strains, arches, *comes*, spilling out between them, over Billy's fingers, rocking helplessly through it.

Billy *curses*, then curses even *louder* when Steve’s whole body tightens around him.

“Baby,” Billy says, because he loves nothing more than *pet names* when they’re close like this. When they’re breathing the same air and feeling the same goddamn pleasure. “*Baby.”*

Steve is shaking, still *coming*, when Billy comes. His hips shudder upward and he chokes, pulling Steve down by the hair to kiss him as he spills himself into Steve. No condom, no barrier, because they only do this together. Because there’s *trust*.

Hissing, Steve works him through it, still trembling through his own orgasm. He flexes over him, hips rolling, tightening up as Billy finishes, bucking up into him. He fumbles for a second, a hand coming up to grip at Billy's jaw, to keep Billy's mouth on his for as long as he can. To keep the sensation of Billy spilling out into him for as *long as he can*.

Billy seems just as content for the moment to last.

But eventually pulls back, breaking off the kiss just to breathe against Steve’s mouth, panting like he’s been holding his breath, like he can’t get enough oxygen.

“Fuck,” Billy manages, arms going around Steve, tugging him even closer. “Holy *fuck*.”

Steve nods, wordless, gasping. His hands keep shaking and there's a buzz of pleasure at the back of his head so great that he can't *help it*.

He laughs.

He laughs and laughs and *laughs.* Presses his lips all over Billy's face, grinning.

After a moment, Billy pulls himself out of Steve and muscles him down onto the bed, crowding in on top of him. When Billy kisses Steve, he's laughing, too. So pleased, so *happy*.

And Steve-- Steve kind of loves him.

Maybe. A little. A *lot.*

"You had *fun*," Steve says, beaming, shoving Billy's curls away from his head.

Billy grins, wide and shining.

"I *did*," Billy says, pressing a wet kiss to Steve's neck. To his cheek. To his lips. "*Happy twenty-gay-teen*, huh?"

Steve cackles. "Yeah, baby. You're gay, I'm at least a *little* gay, *sometimes*."

A couple years ago, Steve knows that Billy wouldn't have even admitted to being gay. Wouldn't have so openly celebrated it even a year ago. But now, he's all grins. He's even still got glitter on his face.

"So fuckin' gay, other times" Billy says, looking so goddamn happy.

And Steve feels something well up in his chest. Something bright and burning and wonderful.

He really just can't *help* it.

Reaches up and touches Billy's face, his fingertips to the rainbow there, and he smiles. "I'm so-- like, fucking *proud* of you, Billy."

For a moment, Billy freezes. Then, he just looks *confused*.

"You're *proud* of me?" Billy says.

"Yeah," Steve says, shrugs, blushes a little because maybe he doesn't

have a *right* to be proud of Billy but-- but he's his *friend*, first, always. “I'm proud of you. For today.”

“Well,” Billy says, after a moment. “I couldn't’ve done it without you. Couldn't have gone without you.”

Like it’s just that simple.

Steve smiles, a bit dopey. A bit soft.

“Yeah, you could've.”

“Well,” Billy says. Steve can hear him swallow, can see the way the smile on his face goes a little soft. A little *true*. “I wouldn’t have wanted to.”

“I'm glad I made you want to,” Steve says, blinking after a second.

“I mean,” Billy says, grinning a little wider, looking a bit more like *himself*, “how else would I have gotten to see you kiss *so many* people?”

Steve groans, shoving at his face. “Shut *up*. Jee-sus.”

“Uh huh,” Billy says, pressing his lips to Steve’s jaw. “Well, why don’t you do something to shut me up, then?”

Steve laughs, shoving at him until he can get him on his back again. “I think I can do that,” he says, like a promise.

And then he seals it with a kiss.

Author's Note:

tracklist

electric feel - mgmt
hallelujah - years and years
doses and mimosas - cherub
i took a pill in ibiza - mike posner

hot thoughts - spoon